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# The Abbot Courant

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**Au Courant**

“Yes  
To dance beneath  
The diamond sky  
With one hand waving free”

— Bob Dylan





Happy's the name of the elf formerly heard of with Snow White. Now he's just wandering around visiting his friends. Sometimes they're few and far between, and sometimes he gets real popular. It's a funny thing when he comes, though. Things like cigarette smoke and taxes fade away, and clocks slow down. Pretty soon all that's left are the stars.

— Pauline Cerf

heavens excrete unadorned glimmering dusts  
ecstatic in their ability to overjoy  
and music conveys her beauty throughout my veins  
my lady greensleeves, thou dost not chance upon the evils  
of my era; thine own fortune inhabits thy motives  
the far away past explodes under my craving hand,  
leaping in its self-extended freedom.

in abstract recognition i am aware of the hour  
the pathetic time of individually massed confusion  
shrugging off the feather of reality in exploration of  
a more appalling type.

i have bade such monstrosities adieu and continue  
my self-imposed journey through emerald visions of all:

magnificent tree of light serenades beneath my towering palace  
chosen crystals breathe their tale and vanish in the dark  
to return, reincarnated in the cycle, singing of its venture  
composers glance back in awe at their eternal creations  
disbelieving in so powerful an existence, pondering mysticism  
and galaxies, wishing to conquer any contradictions that  
seem too frequent.

though the annual peace is interpreted as fictitious,  
i am protected from the tragedy by my fantasies, so very  
capable of tyranny.

cloaks arise and prance to the streams flooding my reason  
obscured by colors so deafening  
knights mount their stainless white servants, flowing behind  
them their sacred armor in incoherent patterns of lace  
and china  
tall blue stones in castle walls embrace one another in  
multitudes of glorified affection, gasping in their dignity  
and courage  
but lo! the gong has chimed; the light parts the clouds of dreaming  
weeds, rustling in command, Behold, the wayward wanderer must  
return to his lodgings for his time has passed and  
others await.  
lonely am i, that hast been expelled, though in content i revel.

— Kimberly Streeter



Education should be a cohesive, ever-changing flow that  
penetrates and unifies all aspects of our experience - - -

O sweet Sun we are of life!

— Denne Maloney

In an ocean of green  
I saw  
Lost in the whirl of shadows  
The light of a wisdom  
Unknown to the cities of man  
And sinking into the darkness  
Of undulating seas  
I gazed upon the purity  
Of a sky  
Crowded with the brilliance of unity  
But the battle raged upon the waters  
Conflicting tones confusing the colors  
A brightness surrounded by the void  
And I cried out for a god  
To console me in my stolen dreams  
Which had left me only with the awareness  
Of their uselessness and sorrow  
It was the beauty of a light  
Camouflaged by deep darkness  
That we struggled to behold  
And when the sky burst forth  
In a violent smashing of color and sound  
The waters separated in a moment of wonder  
And wisdom fell from the skies

— Janet Cohen



## TRAIN WHISTLE GUITAR'S BLUES

Sky-blue is a boy's color.

It settles on the hilltops  
and outlines chinaberry trees  
It whistles summer tunes  
and takes us hunting  
and ball-playing  
Sky-blue goes with lime-green fields  
and summer days  
and such  
It heightens the shrillness  
of the train's white blast,  
the greyness of its smoke.

There the cypresses and marshland  
There the iron tracks and gravel  
There the churning of the five-oh-nine  
and the sky-blue  
the sky-blue  
From Luzana to New York town.

Is New York sky-blue?

Sky-blue is dull blue  
my pastel greens are bored  
The rolling smoke of the five-oh-nine  
its vibrations  
its rumblings  
Might make it better  
far better.

Oh roadbed  
Oh city  
Oh hobo  
Teach me to roll, to fly, to run  
Give me a new name  
and make a man of me  
Take my Three Mile Creek bridge  
and give me Golden Gate.

'Cause say man  
I'm going  
It's taking me  
It's making me.

Grey is a train's shade  
And steel-blue a man's  
And sky-blue  
belongs to the young'uns.

— Margaret Cheney

You begin to feel that the storm that has swept your world away has almost passed. It is quieter, calmer, and you, resting in a harbor, wind-blown and weak, are going to be safe.

A wise man you have grown to love has spoken soft words to you

Continue to love the world  
Continue to love yourself  
Continue to continue.

And his path led you to the light of the sun.

— Lynn Comley





and we did summer-type things with cameras and climbed on the rocks as though they were unconquerable and he almost got stranded on the imitation island but he just laughed jumped up tumbled down about to be swallowed by the ocean once so placid and now a little stir crazy as if an audience made any difference and who cares if our ears fell off from the cold or puddles ran through the holes of our sneakers because it was a beautiful wind-wonderful time with things to be done with light in our faces looking out on the waves at the one crazy seagull floating against the tide.

and six in a car drove to the reservoir park kicked the no camping hunting fishing sign and found the hillside spot number one and sat in the snow watching from afar minuscule kids skating double bladed on their own ten-foot square hockey rink and the wild geese bunch veed overhead rush seems like every time you need a camera it's hanging from a tree

and sat until we thought we would go mad with the cold they say shivering is all psychological but just try to stop it sometime by merely thinking against it and we knew that couldn't be done

but time was gone so home to scattered houses and met by Mom Dad where have you been young lady why are you so cold -- it is winter -- well better sit down and explain because you know you should come home more often and what have you been doing anyway -- nothing much -- oh well was it fun -- fantastic --

— Leslie Breed

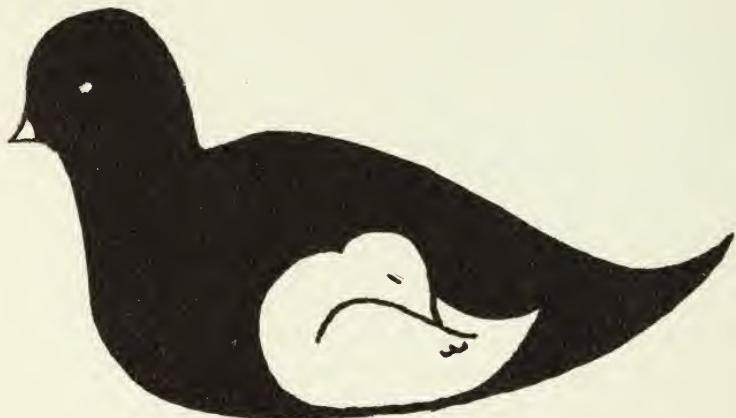
Cowering beggar ever  
struggles  
against others crouching aside  
grovels  
through putrid human sewage  
for tidbits  
taken for golden lucre  
in panic ever  
claws for more.

If  
once only eyes  
could escape  
to rise  
above the diurnal pursuit  
fists once relax their greed  
beauty would fill  
then lift him from lowly squat  
to stand.

—Sally Browning

Peace exists only as a state of mind  
And, as other mental states,  
Cannot be imposed by others;  
But must be self-imposed by will.

— Suzy Rowen



And when you're happy, remember to be humble.  
And when you're sad, remember to be hopeful.  
And when you're alone, I'll be there.

— Nancy Quick

on a raised section of land famed for sound and confusion,  
there lies a mansion hut whose internal motives are produced  
in contradictory moods secluded and lost beneath soft beige  
quilts in a turmoil of hellish fear with no flames,  
for concern kindles the fire and  
there is no wood.

spiritual merchants reside there, prancing about in commercial joy  
praising their imaginary wares in bottomless seas of falicy.  
machines produce the pseudoglorfy of giving, with no wails of love  
or tears of hate, apathy is eternally dominant.

i waste time in visions and dreams, preparing myself for the super-natural:  
friend is dead, states the computer.  
running, embracing memories, trying so desperately to grasp them  
shoving away illustrations of the sistine ceiling.  
lover, lover, do awaken, i shall speak of internal war and external  
peace  
and you shall live nursing my aging heart;  
i shall speak of a sincere lack of faith though for you it is a  
non-existant fable. i shall take form of a chinese prophet and  
speak of love.  
to be content is not a matter of essence, for i am here  
once again.  
rise, rise, i say, and you will see i am but a bedraggled exaggerator  
but i and it are here  
never again.  
friend is alive: the computer is erupting.

i have returned and by order of the Heart's court you must  
raise thine only hope and swear upon mine to never again inhale  
so deforming a fume or as penance the court will punish into you  
guilt. you will, will  
vow, you bloody fool

my golden chain from which earth dangles, and copernicus doubted  
leaves me at the next stop a  
noplace somewhere home with beings glaring from each particle of  
dust  
o mother of space, may all fear be declared a mortal sin to be abol-  
ished  
i must feel the young feathery substantial aura once again or  
perhaps the all will be sentenced to the guillotine  
or someone

— Kimberly Streeter

## A FAIRY TALE

Once upon a place in a far-away time there was a little girl who was very ill. Physicians from all over the land held great debates among themselves as to what was wrong with the little girl, but none could make any diagnosis whatsoever. Although it was tactfully kept from the family, the general consensus was that the little girl was not quite as sick as she fancied herself to be.

The little girl did not know what the great physicians thought, and if she had it would most likely have amused her, for she was in great need of amusement. It was most horribly dull to stay in bed all day and have nothing to do but look out at the rain (the time the little girl was in was half-way 'round the world, you know, and it always rained then). It had been interesting at first to watch the different colors of rain (on nice days there was white rain, on bad days grey rain), but it took but a few days to learn the system, and then it got boring again. Moreover, her parents were most tiresome and insisted on reading **David Copperfield** to her at every opportunity. It was, on the whole, quite an unpleasant time.

On the fourteenth day of her illness (it was actually the thirteenth day but the days in this far-away time jumped from the twelfth to the fourteenth) the little girl was left mercifully alone. Her parents were off reading to the physicians, and her play-mates had long since deserted her. The little girl, left for the first time to her own devices, was surprised to find herself at a loss as to what to do, and finally ended up looking out her window, just as she'd known she would. It was not by any means an ordinary window, one of those nasty high-up things incased in screen and steel. Her window was quite near the floor, and very wide with no screen. It was



also left open most of the time and consequently afforded a view of the sort which pleased an invalid. As the window was directly in front of the little girl's bed it was especially pleasing. This particular day was raining green, a color most unusual for that time. The strange thing was that when the little girl looked very hard, she could see there were depths to the green—not at all the usual sort of one-dimensional rain. In the foreground was a very light yellowey green which graduated into a life green which ended with a sort of forest green. It was very interesting to look at and most hypnotic. At times all the colors seemed to blend together, producing a kind of all-dimensional effect, and at other times they were separated from each other so that the little girl could see very clearly the progression of depths, although I'm sure she did not think of it in those terms. And then a very odd thing happened. As the little girl was watching, the rain parted in the middle, leaving a yellowey glow where it had stopped. From the midst of the glow there appeared . . . What was it now? It was growing closer . . . no, it couldn't be . . . a small clump of violets. Deep sweet purple ones. The little girl shook her head. Violets did not appear in the middle of green rain. And yet . . . there was something undeniably real about that sweetness. The violets grew closer and came to a stop, as if watching the girl. Then they smiled. The little girl smiled back, and waited for them to speak.

"Hello, Mahrie," said the violets.

Now this was the strange thing, for up until then the little girl had not known she had a name, but of course when the violets said that she knew at once she was Mahrie.

"Hello," said Mahrie shyly, for after all she had never before spoken to violets. "Who are you?"

And the small clump of deep sweet purple violets said, "I am the Emperor of Ice-cream."

Now Mahrie had never heard of the Emperor of Ice-cream, nor was she sure she knew what it meant, but she knew instantly that it was something very special.

"Oh, if you please, Sire . . . that is, Your Excellency, please take me to the land where you live! Will you take me?"

The Violet Emperor came nearer, smiled once more, a slow wonderful smile, and held out his hand.

. . . Mahrie blinked and looked around her in amazement, for -- no, that won't do at all. I expect you want me to go on and tell you just what Mahrie found in the Violet Kingdom, but I'm afraid I can't. You see, that would spoil The Story.

— Pauline Cerf

She wakes slowly to the sound of voices  
voices, dissecting speak loudly, invecting speak loudly  
of problems and proverbs, corrections and questions

She smiles sadly at her brother the Sun  
and together they listen to the voices,  
so desperately trying to hear in themselves.

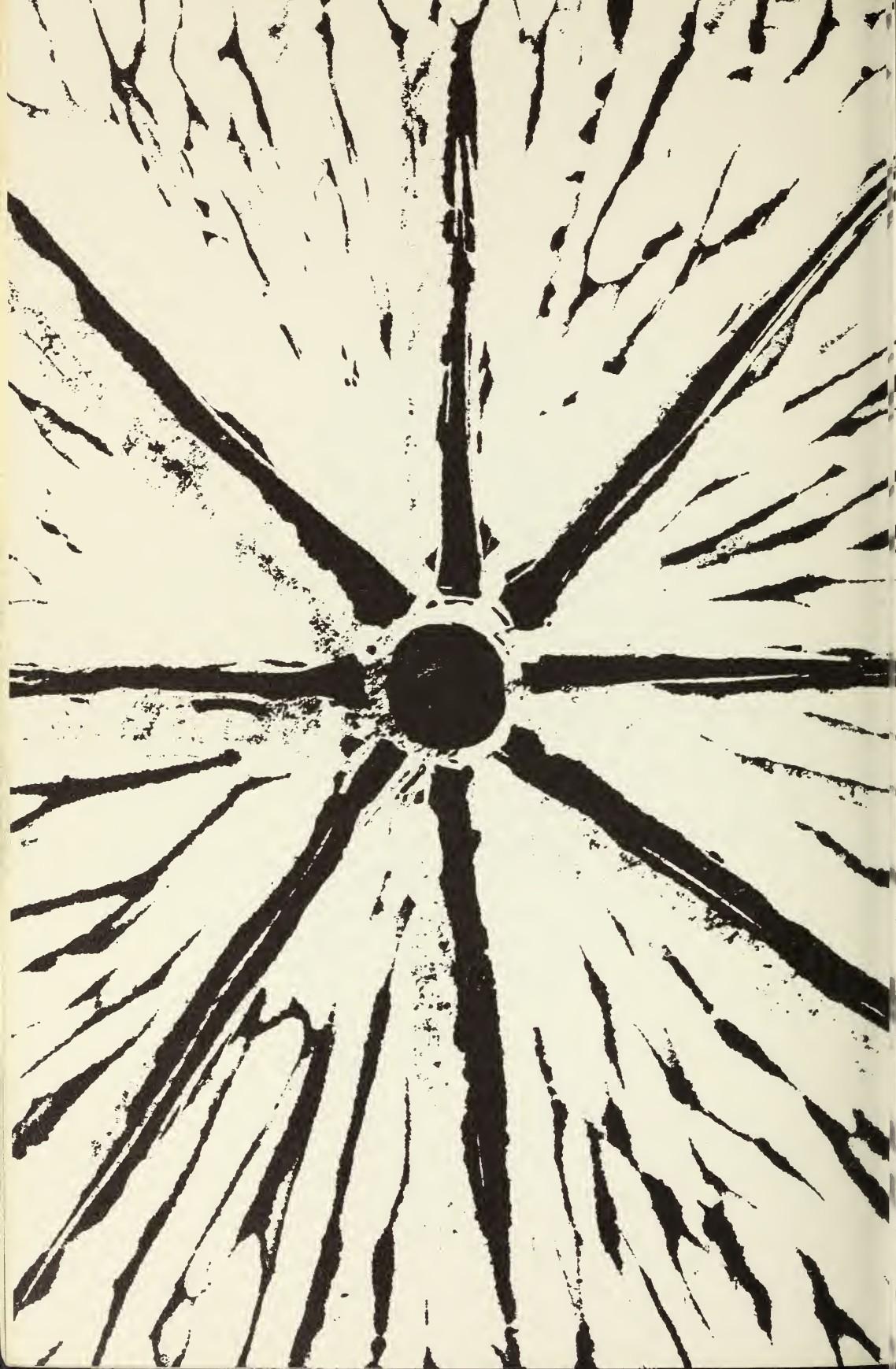
— Denne Maloney





overpowering concrete worlds  
unconquerable in their god-like perfection  
precise in their brilliance of radiating accuracy  
are tearing down the souls  
of my burning black friends  
and my pleading white friends  
and my sad young friends  
and my tired old friends (although I have no friends)  
who scream to the young of the beauty of life  
    of love    of spring  
while it is that which we seek  
and that of which we dream  
and that which is blinded from our eyes  
by the very structures which crowd the streets  
and keep the sun from shining on her own new desperate  
    “wretched of the earth”  
the children whom they ask to be fruitful and multiply  
    and replenish the earth  
that is growing in its own destruction  
without our strength or our dreams  
    smile tomorrow for we shall need your smiles and your warmth  
    we shall need your tears and your love  
    for ours is becoming too strong for its gentility to long remain  
    and overcome with an indignant rage    is losing its tender  
    child-like glee in the shadows of desperation and desire

— Janet Cohen



And I'll walk down to the sky and make a star crown 'cuz it's  
pretty  
And wild and it's Spring.

— Joan Liversidge

(A boy and girl of adolescent age, who have lived all their lives in an institute for the disturbed.)

she: Pick up that stone.

(picks it up)

Give it to me.

(gives it to her)

Let's go to the secret place.

he: We're not supp . . .

she: Come on.

(begin walking)

she: Give me a piggy back.

he: You're awfully heav . . .

she: Give me a piggy back!

he: Okay . . .

she: Go faster.

he: I can't . . .

she: Hurry.

he: I'm trying . . .

she: Run.

(jogging silently, they arrive at the secret mud hole)

Where's my stone?

he: I don't remember.

she: Remember then!

he: It was in this pocket . . .

she: Come here, you, let me look.

(finding it, she hurls it at him, laughing)

he: Owww!

she: Shut up. Come on, let's go.  
he: Where?  
she: To the pond.  
he: I have new pants on . . .  
she: I don't care.  
he: Why don't we take our clothes . . .  
she: No.  
he: Why?  
she: No!  
he: But why?  
she: Just because.  
he: I'm taking my pants off . . .  
she: You aren't. I'll hit you.  
he: Why?  
she: Because.  
he: Because why?  
she: Shut up!  
    (hits him)  
he: Why did you do that?  
she: I'm cold.  
he: Let's go then.  
she: No.  
he: But I thought . . .  
she: I'm staying.  
    (silence while they watch tiny insects dashing the wet  
    odorous earth)  
he: We better go . . .  
she: No.  
he: They'll start look . . .  
she: Tough on them, or you even. I don't care. I'm cold.  
he: Take my shirt.



she: No.

he: Why?

she: Your chest will show.

he: So?

she: It's dirty.

he: How do you know?

she: They say all men's bodies are dirty.

he: I'm clean.

she: Not dirty with gook.

he: What then?

she: I don't know. Just ugly, I guess.

he: Have you ever seen a man's chest?

she: No.

he: (unbuttoning shirt) Look.

she: (turning away) No . . . I don't want to.

he: Look!

(she glances quickly, turning away immediately; then slowly her gaze returns. Silence)

Well?

she: Shut up.

he: Feel it! Put your hand on it. Here, right here. My heart's there.

she: No!

he: You're afraid, aren't . . .

she: No I'm not afraid!

(putting her fingers on his warm chest, feeling his heart beat, she tears them away. Silence)

he: Feel my heart?

she: No.

he: I don't believe you.

she: All right I did. So?

he: How did you like it?

she: I didn't.

he: Why?

she: Shut up.

he: What did it feel like?

(silence)

What did it feel like?

she: Mud.

he: It didn't.

she: So it didn't. What do you care what it felt like?

he: Because it's mine. My heart.

(silence)

Please, tell me.

(silence)

Please.

she: (looking doubtful) It was warm.

he: Why?

she: I don't know!

he: Did you like it?

(silence)

Did you?

she: No.

(silence)

Yes.

he: Why?

she: Warm . . .

he: Hold my hand.

(she looks away)

Please.

(she continues ignoring him. He takes her hand; struggling at first, she decides it's nice. Silence)



he: Do you like this?

she: It's all right.

he: Why?

she: It's warm.

he: Why do you like it?

she: It's cold.

he: Am I?

(silence)

Am I?

she: Yes.

(silence)

No.

he: I know.

she: You don't. You don't know if you're warm or cold.

he: I know inside me.

she: Where?

he: Where you touched me over the heart.

she: That's outside.

he: It's inside, too.

she: How?

he: Because I liked it.

(she shivers)

Let's go.

she: No.

he: Why?

she: I don't know!

(silence)

Why do you want to go?

he: You're scared.

she: Of what?

he: Me.

she: Why should I be?

he: Because we're touching.

she: Oh . . . . Why am I scared of that?

he: You've never touched me nice.

she: So?

he: So you're scared.

(long silence)

she: What happens next?

he: Whatever comes.

she: What comes?

he: I don't know. What usually comes?

she: They touch lips.

(silence)

How do they kiss?

(silence)

How?

he: They touch hearts first, then fingers, then lips.

she: We kissed then.

he: When?

she: We touched hearts and fingers.

he: Not lips.

she: Oh.

(silence)

Then we didn't kiss, did we?

he: No.

she: How come we didn't?

(silence)

Let's.

he: No.

she: Why?

he: You won't like it.

she: I will. Besides, how do you know?

he: I do.

(silence)

she: Please?

he: Please what?

she: Let's kiss.

(silence)

he: Touch my heart.

(without moving she stares into his eyes)

Touch my hand.

(she reaches out and rests her hand upon his)

Touch my lips with yours.

she: Where's my stone?

end

— Kimberly Streeter



Blood dripped onto jungle grass  
staining it red as  
water dripped from a cold steel tap  
in a cool white kitchen.

Burning sun flogged a man in green  
who clung in death to a groaning friend as  
golden sun kissed a little boy  
who, running, smacked into his friend and  
both tumbled down as  
both crumpled down as  
dirt stained knees and  
blood stained grass.

— Nancy Cohen

Haiku

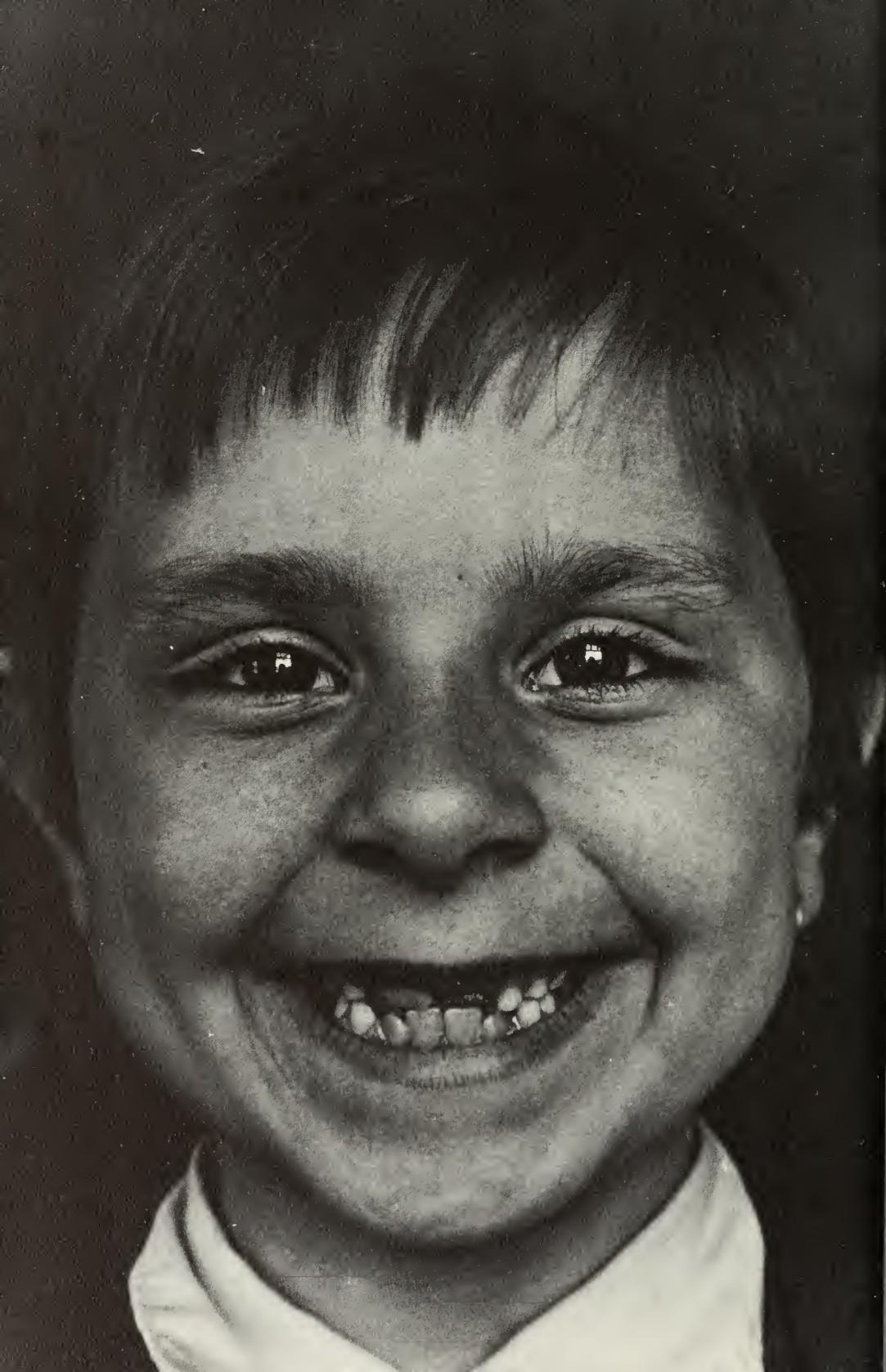
Autumn leaf  
crisp  
golden message  
melting.

— Jo Jayne Swift



Sun-screwed feather dusters  
    riding round my mind  
Picked one up and tossed with it  
    to see what i might find  
I found a pink-eyed muskrat  
    a bulls-eye, and melon rind  
I tossed them round,  
    then tossed them out  
And spat upon my mind

— Margaret Cheney



Were is only possible  
to vacation  
from one's mind  
it would then be safe  
to ponder the fantasies of Life.

— Candi Kattar

The afternoon was  
    tapestry-green  
And Mother jungle parted  
    her heavy arms  
        to bathe her land in  
            half-sunlight  
And while the River spoke  
    of the trembling life  
        along its banks  
The nightingale witnessed  
    the last battle  
        between the tiger and its prey  
But before the shadows in her realm  
    could slip out  
        and join the world of light  
The jungle folded  
    her children  
        back into the rustling stillness  
            of her warm black breast  
While the cool star-eaten sky  
    stood watch  
        over the rest of the world

— Margaret Cheney

Reflections on Langston Hughes and Richard Wright --  
A Moment of Non-being

The sunlight  
Trips across my face  
Holding the moment  
In warmth  
Brightening the blues  
And the greens  
Casting shadows  
On the whiteness.  
Then a cloud covers the sun  
And the coolness of ebony winds  
Destroys all light  
And in blackness  
Whispers to me  
As I carve the words  
Of a dark blue song  
On the white  
Of a stagnant sea.

— Janet Cohen

When walking on the sands of summer  
Tred lightly.  
For warmth has come for a brief moment  
To the beaches of the world  
And salt has come quietly  
Into the nostrils of summer people.  
Monday will come to end the summer  
And hard cold snow will settle  
On our shoulders  
Although it will not be heavy  
As we say goodbye.

— Beth Andrews



The pastel-injected death-throes of some suns give the world a short reprieve from banality. This particular city had no such sun. Its nights usually fell unobtrusively, and the monotony of the monsoon-riden city merely changed from a light grey to a darker one with the arrival of twilight. And with it stopped the rain. Bare heads began to thin the sea of black umbrellas, and those who had homes quickened their pace.

Ramesh narrowly avoided a frantic taxi. The wetness had crept into him, through him. His veins were leaf-choked gutters, grey rivers of humidity, and the chill in his arms created a strange contrast with the sticky-sweetness of the dark streets. His black eyes shone through the heated mist that shrouded the crowd around him. Tonight was his, all his. Gopal would be arriving with the boxes in his taxi, and soon Ramesh's dim lair off Flora Fountain would be filled with the dusty shapes. Gopal's taxi was his life, his only trusted companion. Its rounded yellow top and small black body typified the anxious little cars that formed the city's taxi population. But it was unique. Its delapidated interior smelled of rose incense, and the patronizing god hanging from the mirror swayed back and forth with the motion of the little car, as though in silent acquiescence with its actions. If anything were to happen to the benevolent diety, Gopal would refuse to drive again, but now he spent sixteen hours a day cruising around the city, immersing himself at some point or another in each of the different sections of the teeming Oriental seaport. And tonight Gopal would be coming to Ramesh.

The grey had turned to black Ramesh could no longer see the filth he stepped in, and the dark crowd jostled him as he hurried along. He was used to the closeness of warm moving bodies, and unaware of the dirt. He melted into the tepid whole, and became a part of every corner of the ancient layered city. He bought some heated peanuts, and moved on.

Flora Fountain was not far off. In eager anticipation he forgot the city, and when he passed the girl at first neglected to give her his usual second glance. She was always the same anyway, and today he was too excited to bother thinking about her. She possessed some ineffable quality that always surprised him. Perhaps it lay in her eyes. She crouched on the edge of a particularly filmy puddle, her dingy vermillion sari trailing in the water. The fact that she was there to beg showed only in her bedraggled appearance and the empty cup that tilted in front of her. Her long hair hung in colorless strands. The scars where her hands had once been screamed for attention, but her overall appearance was that of any other member of the city's beggar caste. Maybe it was because she was so used to the constant passing of pedestrians that she took no notice of them, but as far as Ramesh could remember she had never looked up or shown any other sign of interest in her surroundings. Every day was the same to the girl, and her past was by this time completely detached from her present. It had become a fantasy to her. It had been hard before she was brought to the city, but then she had had the land, the future, and her people. The end of that life had been swift, as had the kidnapping. The men were subtle and skillful, and there had been no way to stop them. And when they finally cut off her hands the new life had begun, the life of the city, of begging, of slavery. Why they took her money every day when they already had her hands and her past, she could not understand. Ramesh could. He knew what kind of life she led, for he knew the kind that made it what it was. He belonged to the outskirts of their circle, and so he tried to forget about her as he passed. But he could never forgot her eyes. Like his they were black and deep and striking. He caught a glimpse of his own in a dark window, and they shone back at his quick glance. He shifted them back at the girl and was

surprised at the dullness of hers. Their reflection lost itself in the puddle, and it almost seemed as though the muddy darkness of the water was in turn reflected in her eyes, and succeeded in swallowing their light. Ramesh looked away and finally passed her. He tried to think about Gopal, and about his tomorrow.

And the girl sat in the black street. She sat, and watched the maharajah climb down from his painted elephant and offer her perfumes and jewels for her beauty. She smiled.

— Margaret Cheney

if the historians must have a date  
for my “turning point” or “climax”,  
then it is that precise moment when  
the gods of others crashed from their thrones  
and my own creation  
seized power.

— Peggy Haskell



### Raggedy's Secret

Raggedy Ann knows something  
it's plain to see

Please

    tell me  
oh you Raggedy  
    rocking Raggedy  
sitting in my chair  
mocking the world  
    with a smile

— Pauline Cerf

Eternity greets her.

Venus standing high upon the lonely dawn  
Strains of music vibrating her every immobile crimson cell  
Notes climb the ladder, never to return in mood  
Taking refuge in the flowing strands of her hair  
Flames declothe her, body glimmering in all its existence,  
Every limb poised in transcendental excellence.

Servants of wind kneel before here, unable to reach  
Striving so gently, extending their best.  
In oblivion she remains erect,  
Blind to inorganic man, watching velvet ships gain with the tides.  
Weaving through floating seashells.

Thou are glorious inhabitants of my mystical haven  
in your flowing robes, so many innumerable hours from perspective  
The moment lacks in clarity, while your entity attains equality  
To the staffs of your temples, so elaborate in their capitals,  
With fluted bodies serving as a golden tabernacle  
To their polished rusty white imagery.

Utopia has its renaissance every third analysis  
And yours prevails; your limbs radiate in personified tones,  
The warmth, so defiant to your embellished being  
Dripping, tantalizing my every breath to suck of it:  
The diamond water inhabiting the seashell.  
Copper pennies and silver gilders are companions, showing forth  
On a parallel level.

He is silent in his conspicuous stature, leaving my head  
Secretly dissected without a qualm.  
Turning about, blind to the agony of my loathing love,  
The curling leaves envelope his mouth, allowing no shallow  
Measure to expound.

He lives with Venus' cream of being, unaware of my fiery struggle.  
Geometric checks are dead, I laugh, echoing in the marble.  
Curves remain, he rustled.

Together they cringe, erupting the visions, leaving me solitary  
To weep into the deafened earth.  
Crowds of barren rock listen, but are disabled by her darkened hours  
To respond.  
Their trial so dreadfully slighted.  
Inflammable fantasies, daughters of the strongest ancients,  
Allow me to waver into your dynasty.

— Kimberly Streeter

the bitters



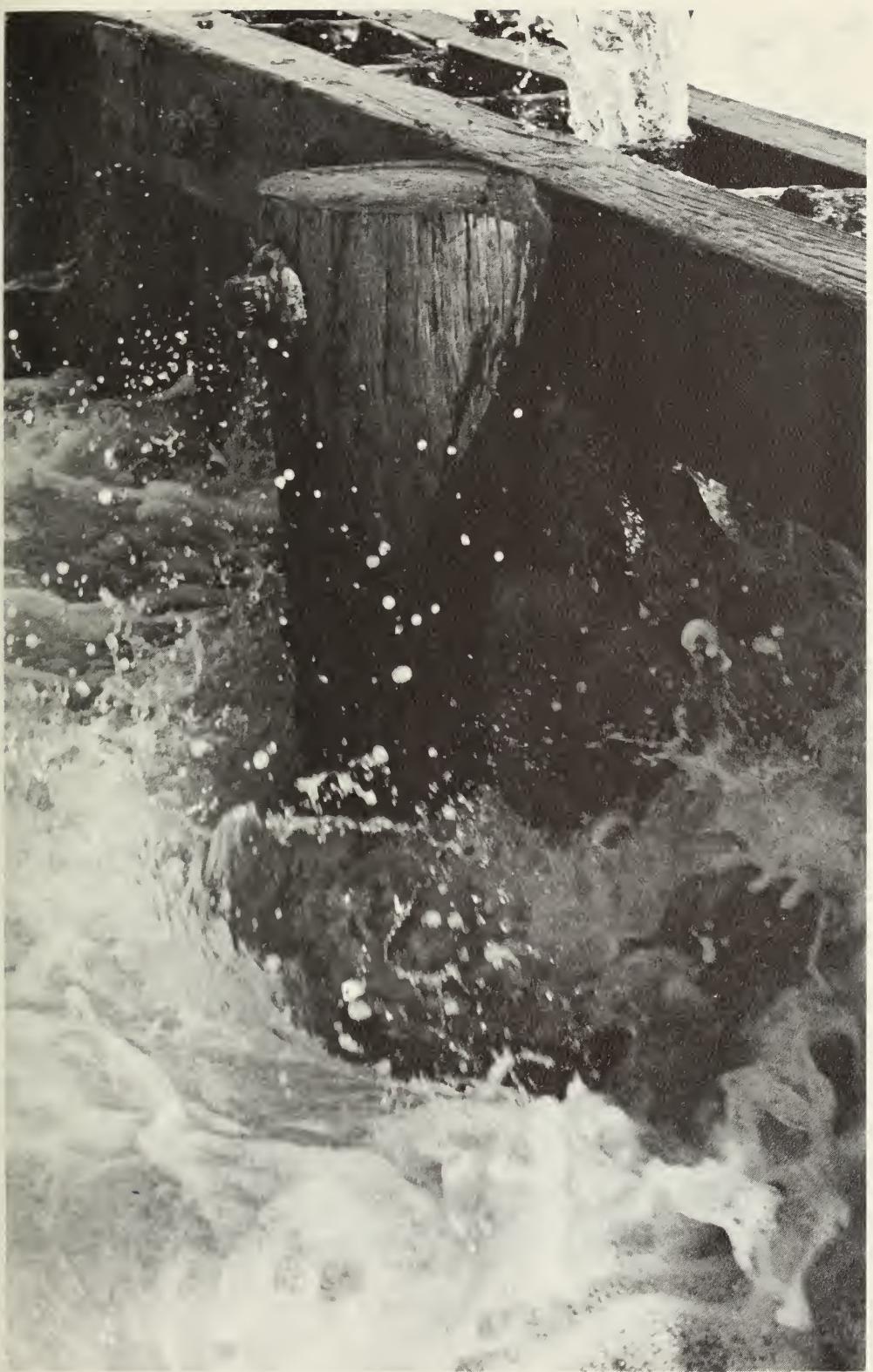
When all the fields cry lonely  
And walking in the dungeons of a void --  
A voice whirls softly in musical sitar haze --  
A light will cleanse the chains of years gone by  
Unveiling an orchard of reds and golds  
And perceiving the message of a world old and worn  
Awaiting love  
We will lay down our burdens  
And weep with the floating reeds

— Janet Cohen

Wrenched from the curl of pink kitten-tongue  
Tumbling through black of the splintered globe . . .

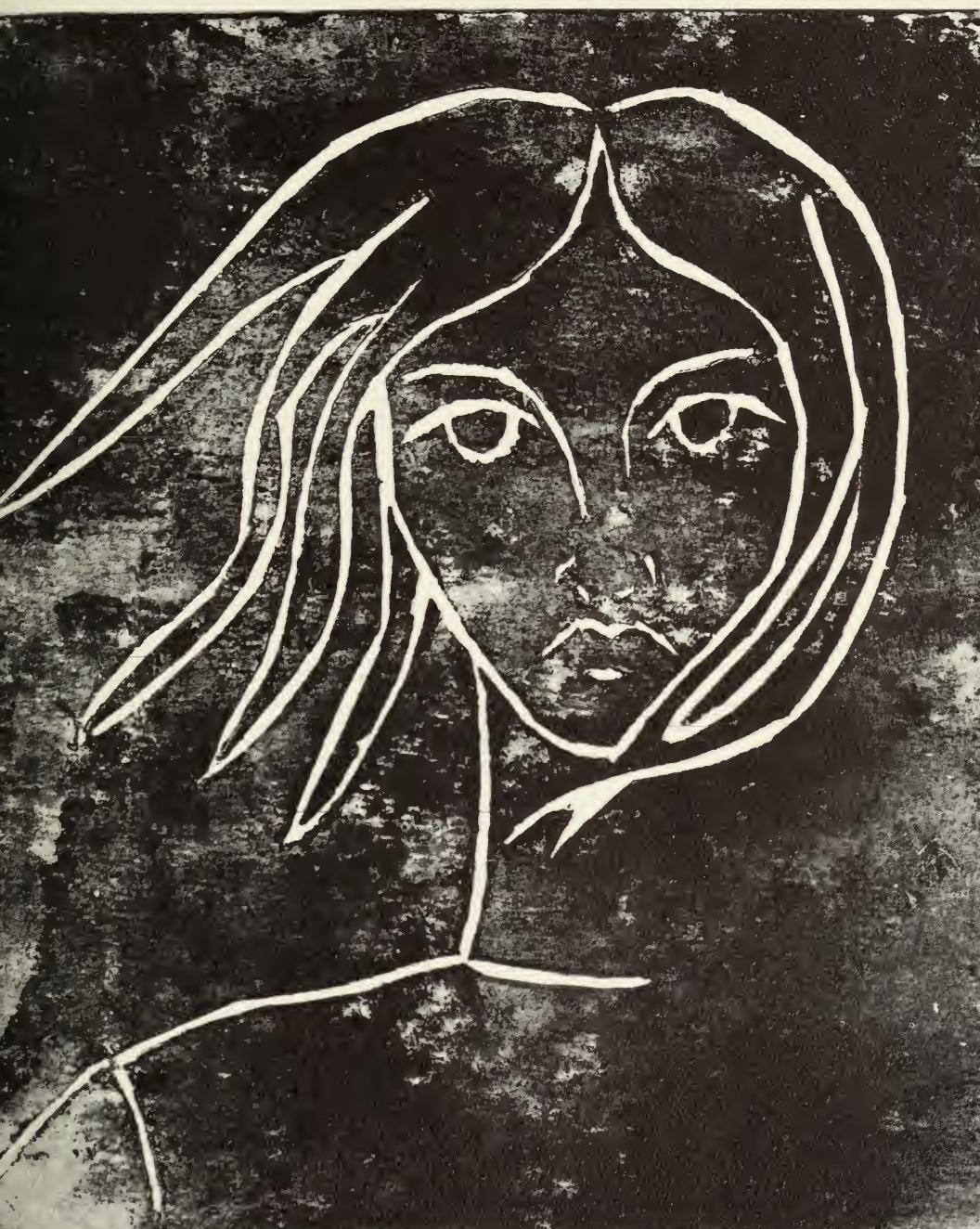
I have come to whisper with the  
oarsman on the river Styx - -  
Listen,  
The spirits of a thousand ages breathe  
in soft upon my skin, slowly  
slowly  
I am with you

— Denne Maloney



Yesterday we lay  
together  
We were one  
and nature poured  
in stealth  
nepenthe through our mind  
The wind were we  
All-exalting trumpets  
roaring through the sky  
we reigned.  
In dizzying spirals  
spun round the world  
We ruled  
rapaciously.

— Sally Browning



**For Stevie,**

(You once graffitied somthing about graffiti. I love reading things written on walls - - it sort of makes you want to add to it - - something you want the whole world to see, because that's the point of graffiti.)

We're so happy.

— Lynn Comley

We are  
next to never;  
with locked hands  
waving goodbye  
to hazy memories  
which once held us  
laughing together - -  
And trundling off  
to each  
our own,  
turning backs  
on one another  
We go  
on to ever.

— Leslie Breed

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